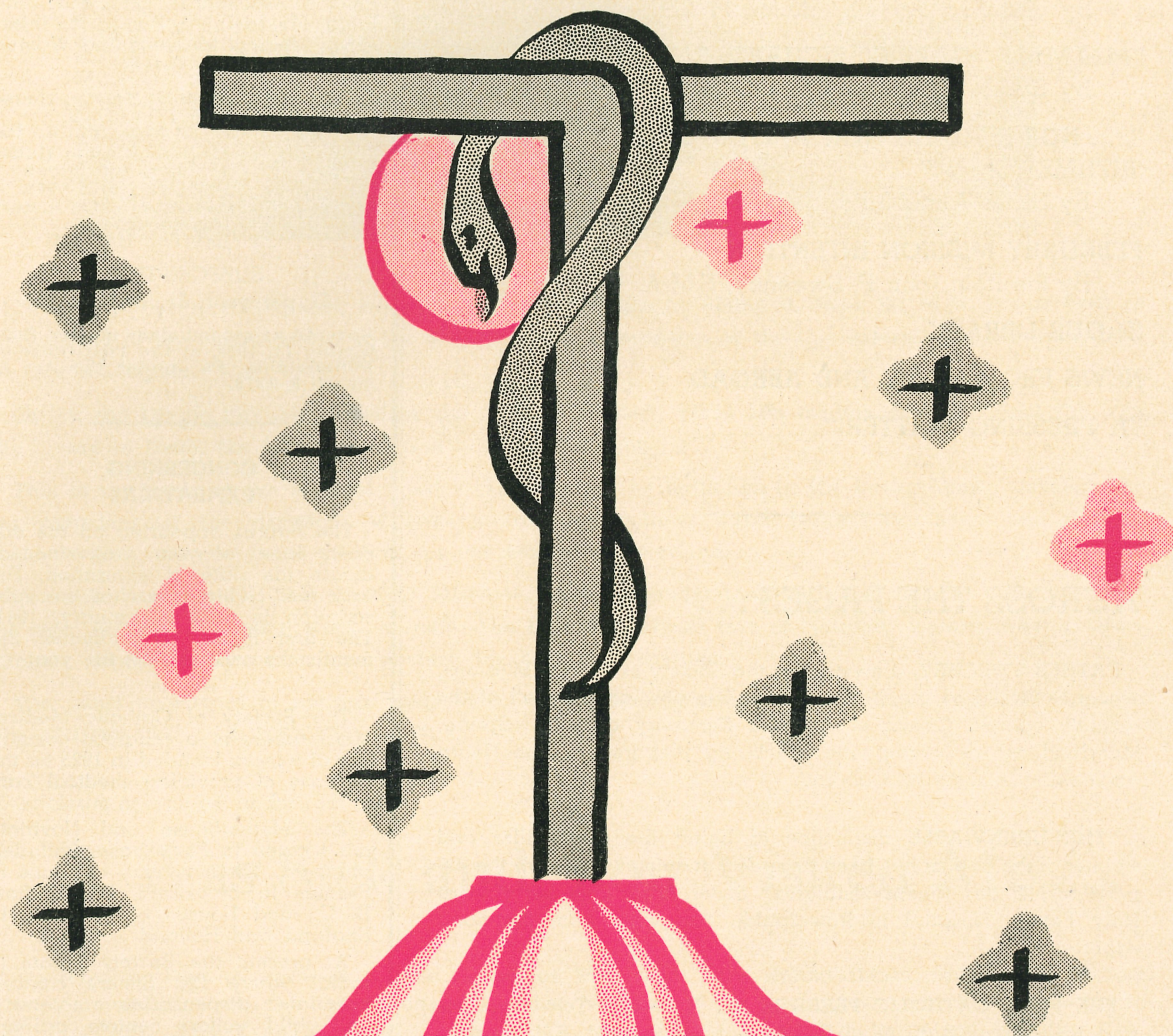


The MEDICAL



MISSIONARY

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ACROSS THE PAGES ...

FATHER SWEENEY, a member of the Society of African Missions, who has "tramped the Niger's banks," is now on the staff of the recently opened Queen of Apostles Seminary at Silver Spring, Maryland, where young men are being prepared for the Negro Apostolate at home and abroad.

"**THE UNENVIABLE** distinction of being the chief killer and naimer of the tropics has been accorded unanimously by all the experts to just one disease: malaria." Sister Elise, from her post at Holy Family Hospital in Rawalpindi, can write from first-hand experience.

THE FIRST CATHOLIC PRESS in the Northwest Territory! This was the accomplishment of Father Gabriel Richard, S.S., pioneer missionary of Detroit when that city was a frontier outpost! It is fitting that we pay tribute to him during Catholic Press Month!

THREE COATS OF GOBAR—and you have a foundation for an interior decorating effect that will rival the "best distempered wall surface"! Sister Ann vouches for it, it was tried in Patna. What is "Gobar"? But that is part of the story!

"**CAN YOU IMAGINE** a country where most of the women cannot even read or write?" Sister Alma Julia writes another letter to her niece. This time it is about the women of India, and how they solve the problem of "reading, and writing,"—let alone "rithmetic!"

THE
MEDICAL MISSIONARY

8400 Pine Road
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Member of the Catholic Press
Association

SISTER M. TIMOTHY, S.C.M.M.
Editor

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The figures appearing on the address label of your magazine indicate the date of expiration. For example: 1-41 means that the subscription is paid to January, 1941. The first figure (1) indicates the month; the second (41), the year.

The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is a religious community of women founded in 1925 for the purpose of providing medical care to the sick in the foreign missions.

The Motherhouse and Novitiate are located in Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa. There is also a House of Studies in Brookland, Washington, D. C., and Houses of Postulate in England and Holland.

At present the Society labors in India, where the Sisters conduct hospitals, dispensaries, maternity, and child welfare centers, training schools for native nurses and midwives, and similar health activities. It is the purpose of the Society to send Medical Missionaries to any mission field of the world. The Society has many requests; it needs many vocations.

For further information apply to:

Sister Superior

MEDICAL MISSION HOUSE

8400 Pine Road, Fox Chase
Philadelphia, Pa.



Photograph of a 9'x7' panel executed in colored chalks by Sister M. Joan, S.C.M.M. It was used as a background in the exhibit booth of the Society at the Convention of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine in Philadelphia.

Christ, the Divine Physician, holding the medical emblem, gives His commandment: "Heal the sick and . . . say to them, the Kingdom of God is at hand to you . . ."

This is the basis of the Medical Mission Apostolate. The buildings in the background symbolize the many mansions of the Kingdom of Heaven from which flows water (grace) to cleanse and heal us, in order to make us ready and more fit for our heavenly fatherland.

The side panels show how Medical Missionaries try to understand and fulfil Christ's command. The right side pictures maternity work in India; the left, the medical care of "purdah" women, who, in times of illness, depend solely on women doctors for care and treatment.

The panel endeavors to express basic ideas rather than photographically exact pictures, for—"it is the SPIRIT that QUICKENETH . . .!"

"... I Was Sick and You Visited Me ..."

It so happens that my subject by the design of Providence, are should obtain diplomas as doctors for today's meditation was the call conditioned on the blending of the and nurses, and fit themselves to of St. Matthew. The Evangelist two. assist mothers and infants.

relates that "as Jesus passed on Christ's voice is heard through This came as a seal of approval from Capharnaum, he saw a man the voice of the Church. Nineteen to our Society, then eleven years named Matthew sitting at the tax hundred years ago Christ said: in existence! Previously, the late collector's place and said to him: ". . . Cure the sick who are there, Holy Father, in an audience grant- And he arose and followed him." and say to them, 'The kingdom of ed to our Sisters, had said: "Your Society responds to my thought God is at hand to you'." and desire," and, "It is my great wish to foster public interest in Medical Missions."

Christ's voice goes on through On the Feast of Our Lady of How can public interest in es- the ages. His words, capable of Lourdes, 1936, the Church said tablishing hospitals, dispensaries, an endless variety of expressions and applications, are ever vivify- that She would like to see new re- maternity and child welfare cen- ing. The truth and strength be- ligious communities of women ters, leprosia, sanitararia, in the hind them is divine; the expression health work in the missions, that the sisters engaged in this task and application, human. Results,

Orient and Africa be fostered? By word of mouth? Yes—but to a limited number. By radio? Only in a transient way. By the daily press? Merely through news flashes. By the Catholic Press? Only briefly and occasionally.

How, then, can the Divine Physician be made to pass by and say to the young woman sitting at the student's desk, "Follow Me?" And how can willing present-day Samaritans be told facts and figures, problems and needs, of the suffering multitude in mission lands?

Only a specific organ can do this. That is the reason—and the only reason—why we publish **THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY**. That is the reason, also, why we confidently ask you to be our co-operators in bringing the message to a wider circle.

Every subscriber, every benefactor, is a cog in the wheel of the earnest drive to make Christ prevail in the world through charity. The forces of evil are strong—but the forces of good can be stronger! The forces of evil are often bold—too frequently the forces of good are timid. Is it

not true that many are afraid to ask for a subscription to a Catholic magazine? Please be not of those timorous souls!

Ask your pastor, your doctor, your druggist, your hospital, your nurse, your relatives, your friends, for a subscription to **THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY**—ask them now, during Press Month. Shower us with subscriptions!

Will you get any dividends for your investment of courage and sacrifice? Read the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel:



The Catholic Missions are the signposts of the advance of the Catholic Church. The Catholic Press is the liaison officer by which our Catholics are informed of the work of the missions, so that they, by a knowledge of the sacrifices, the trials, and the success of the missionaries, may be enrolled to support the advance.—Vincent de Paul Fitzpatrick in the "Catholic Review."

"Come, blessed of my Father, take possession of the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was hungry and you gave me to eat; I was thirsty and you gave me to drink; I was a stranger and you took me in; naked and you covered me; sick and you visited me; I was in prison and you came to me.' Then the just will answer him, saying, 'Lord, when did we see thee hungry, and feed thee; or thirsty, and give thee drink? And when did we see thee a stranger, and take thee in, or naked, and clothe thee? Or when did we see thee sick or in prison, and come to thee?' And answering the king will say to them, 'Amen I say to you, as long as you did it for one of these, the least of my brethren, you did it for me'."

When you stand before the "bar" on Judgment Day, and this measure is set before you, then (granting she has won the battle) you will look over at the Editor with a broad smile, and she will proudly nod her head and say: "I told you so!"

—Mother Anna Dengel

OUR COVER DESIGN

Our new cover design is a pen-drawing: The "tau-cross" and serpent are a symbolic representation of medicine—Divine medicine.

When Moses and his people, wandering through the desert, fell sick, God commanded the leader of the Jews to make a brazen serpent. Every sick Jew who looked up to it was healed.

"As Moses lifted up the serpent from the cross, and we will be in the desert, so shall the Son of Man be lifted up from the earth, and He shall draw all things to Himself," Christ said.

Christ, therefore, is the "brazen serpent" of the New Testament, to whom we must look in order to become whole. If we do this, we share in the grace flowing down

The little crosses in the background, besides completing the design, signify those who, in a special way, sacrifice their lives to help bring others under the wonderful care of Christ, the Healer.



Public Enemy No. 1

by

SISTER M. ELISE WIJNEN, S.C.M.M., M.D.

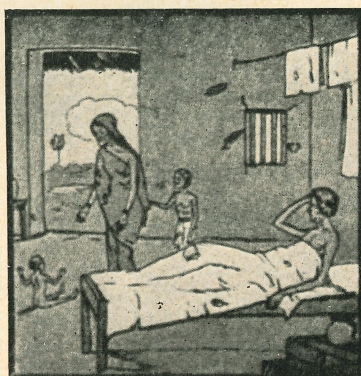
"... It is not merely, or mainly, the number of fatalities that makes malaria 'public enemy number one.' Even more important are the chronic illness, the susceptibility to other maladies, and the terrific economic loss ..."

The unenviable distinction of being the chief killer and maimer of tropics has been accorded unanimously by all the experts to just one disease: malaria. It is said to afflict one third of the human race and to kill three million people a year. And it is not merely or mainly the number of fatalities that makes this disease "public enemy number one." Even more important are the chronic illness, the susceptibility to other maladies and the terrific economic loss that are caused by malaria.

Anyone who hears the word malaria immediately conjures up the most striking features of the disease: the chill that shakes the bed and even the floor; the raging fever and thirst that follow; and finally the drenching sweat and exhausted sleep that terminate the attack, the whole performance to be repeated every two or three days unless prompt treatment intervenes. This is bad enough but if it were all, the problem would be much less serious than it really is. To understand properly the actual havoc which is caused by malaria one must have some idea of the harm which is done in the body by the parasites which cause it.

What happens when an infected mosquito bites a new victim? She promptly injects into the tiny wound the malarial parasites which she has sucked out of a previous sufferer. These parasites grow inside the red corpuscles of the blood, and multiply to tremendous numbers in a regular cycle which takes two or three days to complete. Every time a new army of parasites is born, it

has lived and the patient has a bursts the red cells in which it



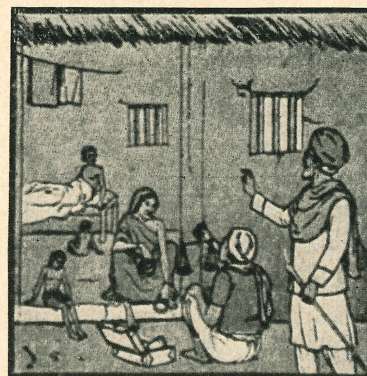
The "bread-winner" down with malaria, no money, no food—it means his family must starve!*

chill. Gradually, by reason of treatment or because of the natural defense mechanisms of the body, this cycle is broken up and the acute attacks subside. But this does not mean that all the parasites are dead. Many of them are hiding in all sorts of "parking places": the spleen is a favorite. It becomes enormously enlarged, may weigh many pounds and may fill the abdomen. Some of the parasites are changed into sexual forms which do not cause fever, but are extremely resistant to quinine and become a new menace in the stomach of the next hungry mosquito.

The exhausting anemia resulting from the destruction of so many red blood cells, and the continuous presence of malarial parasites in the body constitute the real problem of chronic malaria. Anemia causes weakness, lack of energy,

indolence and indifference. It shows itself in sallow, rough skins, pale lips and stunted emaciated bodies. These patients complain of headaches, neuralgias, sleeplessness and lack of appetite. Malaria alone is largely responsible for the wall of apathy and indifference which obstructs progress and improvement in the Orient. Try to interest a mother, worn out with fever and anemia, in new methods of sanitation and baby care: You will probably find her, after years of instruction, still throwing the fish heads and potato peelings out of the front door and stuffing the baby with rice and contaminated buffalo milk.

Moreover, these malarial parasites lurking in all parts of the



The wife is selling her ornaments to get money for food when she is stopped by a wise man, who sends for the doctor.

body, form a constant menace in every emergency the patient is called upon to meet. Once a man had a tooth pulled in our dispensary. Before he could get out of

*Note: These pictures are taken from Indian posters.

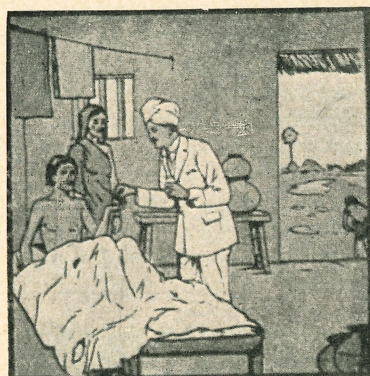
the chair, he had a shaking chill and his temperature rose precipitously. The reason? Malaria. Any shock, infection, injury or exhaustion may give these microbes a chance to reopen hostilities. No operation is ever safe in the tropics, not even a tonsillectomy. Extra hard work, accidents, chilling, heat exhaustion—all may precipitate an attack of malaria. No wonder the natives avoid work and dislike the unusual!

What happens when a person is run down and anemic? He becomes an easy prey to any chance bacteria that happen to make the rounds in the hut or village. Tuberculosis, especially, favors the "under par." It has every opportunity of spreading like wildfire in the dark and overcrowded homes of the natives. And think of the increase in maternal and infant mortality due to

ods of draining stagnant waters or dusting them with Paris green or oil, so the mosquitoes cannot breed. Houses can be screened and beds can be protected with nets. Then why has all this not been done, and this scourge removed from the earth?



The patient has recovered, his wife and children are happy. Once more there is food in the huose.



The Doctor administers quinine, the only remedy for malaria.

malaria! Any abnormality in child-birth becomes twice as dangerous when severe anemia accompanies it. Many mothers in the tropics succumb to a degree of infection or hemorrhage which would be withstood adequately by any healthy American girl. The baby suffers from its mother's ill health and from lack of mother's milk. Any child who has to be fed artificially, except if it be in a hospital, simply has no chance in India, and very little in many other mission countries.

Now, we know a great deal about malaria. We have known for forty years what causes it, how it is transmitted, how it can be prevented and treated. Scientists have devised numerous meth-

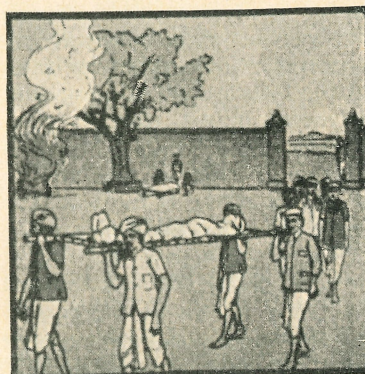
In the first place, there is a great gap between knowledge and actual practice, due to human inertia, lack of funds and trained workers, and the overwhelming magnitude of the problem. Among all these, indifference is the greatest obstacle.

If this surprises you, then think for a moment of our own indifference regarding the "common cold," which is the forerunner of numerous serious illnesses and deaths, and causes unbelievable economic losses every winter. Yet if every one would go to bed promptly at the first sniffle and isolate himself (including his dishes and handkerchiefs) from his fellow human beings, the incidence could be cut down to a fraction of the present number. Simple and sensible, a doctrine preached over and over again by doctors and health teachers, yet how long will it take to convince America? Don't we still say "just a cold?" In the same manner the natives shrug their shoulders and say "just a fever."

Yet a great deal is being done all over the world to bring this disease under control. In India, for instance, the Malaria Institute has become the general expert and coordinator for all the local and pro-

vincial public health departments. It conducts annual courses in malariology for medical officers, and makes arrangements for complete surveys of malarial districts in order to spend the available money to the best advantage. Recently intensive control schemes have been carried out in a few restricted areas, under the leadership of experienced men. These "five-year plans" in small sections of Madras, Bengal, Delhi and Assam will not only benefit the local population but will be a valuable guide to all governments and scientists in planning future malaria work.

There are two ways of attacking the problem. One is by eradicating the mosquito through drainage, screening, killing the larvae, etc.; this might be called the engineering approach. The second method



The man who refused quinine!

is by curing the malaria patient thoroughly, so that he cannot infect mosquitoes; this is the medical aspect. While the combination of the two is by far the best, yet there are areas where thorough drainage is impossible because of the enormous cost. There we have to rely upon drugs to stamp out malaria. Now, quinine alone, even if it could be made available in adequate dosage, would not be able to do this. Quinine cures the patient, but it does not kill the sexual forms of the parasites which reinfect the mosquito and so continue the chain.

Since 1932, however, we have had added to our armamentarium a new drug, called atabrine, which

(Continued on next page)

Interior Decorating In India

by

SISTER M. ANN, S.C.M.M.
P.H.G.

More "Patna Progress!"

"Jesu ki barai, Sister!" The familiar greeting was heard morning after morning as we sat at breakfast. It was Basu, the *mystri* (carpenter) standing outside the verandah eagerly waiting for "Sister" to go with him to discuss the day's work," and often—very often—to smooth over some difficulty that had cropped up between him and his assistants. It did not matter that on the previous evening "Sister" had inspected that day's work and outlined the plans for the following day—Basu liked to have her come every morning before he began his daily task.

Our readers already know that the old Patna Cathedral stands in our compound. When we arrived here, His Excellency gave permission to wall off the sanctuary and to use it for our private chapel, while the nave and side chapels could be adapted for whatever purpose we deemed best.

At the beginning of the new year we realized that something would have to be done to increase the present accommodation for patients

and nurses, and so we decided to avail ourselves of His Excellency's permission. This is how Basu came into the picture.

Although Basu uses the Christian greeting of "Jesu ki barai," he is a truly orthodox Hindu, never failing to observe all their feasts and fasts. For instance, on the feast of Holi (feast of "colors," when paint is squirted on passers-by) he appeared like a walking rainbow, splashed with paint from head to toe. As a workman he is conscientious cheerful and most industrious.

Under his direction, building operations proceeded rapidly. The sanctuary and side chapels were walled off, doorways constructed, and the nave of the cathedral divided up into cubicles for the sisters, as it was thought best to convert the present convent into a nurses' home. Some of the verandahs were closed in to provide extra room for the in-patients, whose numbers were increasing daily.

In the morning Basu generally presented a list of building supplies required for the work. These included such items as sand, grav-

el, cement and bricks. But one fine day, he made an extraordinary demand.

"Sister," said he, "will you please ask the *gwala* (milk man) to bring two annas' worth of *gobar* (cow dung)?"

Now, for economy's sake, it had been decided to finish off the wall with a thick coat of clay (instead of plaster) with whitewash on top, so it was hard to understand where the *gobar* came in.

"Whatever for, Basu?"

"Why, Sister, the wall must have two or three coats of *gobar* before we can whitewash it!"

And for three successive days one of the coolies mounted a ladder bearing aloft a large earthenware pot of diluted *gobar*, and with his bare hand lavishly applied a thick coat of the mixture over the nearly dry clay.

Strange to say, there was no unpleasant odor; the clay, perhaps, acted as a deodorant. And the result—a smooth, semi-permeable surface which did not crack on drying, and, after it had received two coats of whitewash, looked as perfect as the best dis-tempered wall surface!



Two housewives at their "Saturday cleaning": The floor is getting a coat of "*gobar*"!

(Continued from preceding page) has proved a great asset in the cure and prevention of malaria. In our own rural south (for example, in several malaria-riddled counties in Georgia), this drug has been tried out with marvelous success. The incidence was brought down to less than one percent; and

while in neighboring areas the death rate reached an all-time high of 109 per 100,000, there wasn't a single fatality in this small, intensively-treated county.

When all is said and done, however, it is still incontestable that poverty is at the root of nearly all the diseases of the Orient. When

a workman in India, for instance, earns only fifteen cents a day, he simply cannot afford to buy quinine at two cents a dose. The prosperity of the peasant is the very foundation of all national progress, and the "living wage" is the highway to social and physical well-being.



REV. GABRIEL RICHARD
PASTOR OF ST. ANNE'S CHURCH, DETROIT.
1799-1832

"M.M.M.M." - - -

Gabriel Richard, S.S.

by

SISTER M. TIMOTHY, S.C.M.M.

And what do the four "M's" stand for? It is the Degree of Excellence conferred on Father Richard: "The Most Meritorious Missionary in Michigan"!

Gabriel Richard of the Society of St. Sulpice, one year ordained, caught in the anti-clerical turmoil of the French Revolution, was one of the second band of "exiles" sent by Abbé Emery, Superior General of the Sulpicians, to Baltimore in answer to the invitation of Bishop Carroll for priests who would found a seminary to supply a "native clergy" for the vast expanse of his see. The Bishop had about thirty-five priests; his diocese included the whole Northwest Territory, extending from the Atlantic to the Mississippi Valley!

The first group of four Sulpicians had arrived in 1791; Gabriel Richard and five companions came the following year. That brought the total to ten. The pupils in St. Mary's College, which they had founded, numbered just half that. And while it might be alleged that a degree of quality hitherto undreamed of could be expected with two professors to every pupil, French enterprise did not see it thus. That the country was not yet ready for a seminary was obvious; but the Sulpicians were priest-educators; if they could not educate, they could still minister. With zealous simplicity they offered themselves to Bishop Carroll for whatsoever he might choose; with a corresponding sim-

plicity—and literalness—the offer was accepted. And the staff members of St. Mary's Seminary—some of them—became the missionaries of the American Northwest Frontier!

Father Richard served his apprenticeship in the Illinois missions of Prairie du Rocher and Kaskaskia. It was not "missionary heaven." In January, 1796, he wrote to Bishop Carroll: "The people at this post are the worst in all Illinois." That was not a pious outburst of despair, but a simple summing up of the *status quo*; diagnosis precedes treatment. For six years Father Richard proceeded to administer remedies. Then he was transferred to the frontier settlement of Detroit—probably in recognition of his energy and zeal, for the results of his labor were plainly manifest, even in that "worst" mission!

It was at Detroit that the priest established a "mission auxiliary"

Primers and prayer books for the Indians were the first books printed in America—in Mexico—in 1538. They were printed by Pablos under the auspices of Archbishop Zumarraga.

which brings him particularly to our attention during this, Catholic Press Month. In 1808 he journeyed to Baltimore, presumably to seek financial help; three years before he had seen his church, his residence, his embryonic "Seminary for young men" and his "Young Ladies' Academy"—fruits of seven years of intense work—reduced to ashes in the fire which destroyed the whole town. Whether he got the desired financial assistance, we do not know; what is of record is that he came back with a printing press and type!

The advent of a press in the settlement was a matter of moment! It is doubtful if it was the first in the territory; proclamations to the "rebel colonists," dated from Detroit as early as 1777, in all probability were printed there! and a letter from that outpost, written by Alexander and William Macomb to a London correspondent in 1785, mentions that these gentlemen had received a machine, but lamented the fact that no directions for assembling the same had accompanied the delivery.* In any event, Father Richard's press was the first to function with what might be termed "sustained activity"! It was more than mere equipment; it was power!

*Note. Rev. John J. O'Brien, "The Rev. Gabriel Richard: Educator, Statesman, and Priest," from *Historical Records and Studies*, 1907.

We who sit in our armchairs before the radio, a discarded "morning edition" on the floor, the "Five Star Final" in our laps, probably never pause to wonder just how news was disseminated in the days when these modern conveniences were unavailable. Just how were the hardy men and women of the frontier to know that it was now declared by law illegal to sell rum to the Indians; that the women of the Auxiliary were going to sponsor on Wednesday next a wild game supper for the benefit of the Young Ladies' Academy; or that Ye Travelinge Players would submit their repertoire for public approval on Thursday-week? Of course, there were always the gossips. But the human mind demands something more certain than hit-and-miss hearsay.

In the early days, Detroit boasted a town-crier. At St. Anne's (Father Richard's parish) the office had been adopted with appropriate modifications: Theophilus Mettez, assistant sacristan, would station himself at the door of the church after the Sunday services and announce to all an sundry the events of interest for the week to come!

But Father Richard's press changed this. It was used by government officials for issuing documents. It became the medium for the publication of books: "The Epistles and Gospels for all the Sundays and Feast-days of the Year" was the first edition of a part of the Sacred Scriptures to be made in the Northwest. A spelling book, dated August 1, 1809, bears this imposing title: "The Child's Spelling-Book or Michigan Instructor; being compiled from the most approved authors by a teacher of Detroit." It contained 250 pages. And there was even an attempt to publish a weekly newspaper! The first issue of "The Michigan Essay or Impartial Observer," appeared on August 31, 1809; as far as can be ascertained it was also the last. An interesting feature was that it carried but one ad: That was for St. Anne's school!

The speller as well as a prayer

book, "L'ame pénitente, ou la nouvelle considération sur les vérités éternelles," were printed by James M. Miller; later the "assistant sacristan" seems to have taken over the work, and under this same Theophilus Mettez there were published in both French and English, in addition to the "Epistles and Gospels," the "Children's Journal," and "A Short Historical Catechism containing a Summary of Sacred History and Christian Doctrine." There were several others, and still more were on the horizon, but the war of 1812 intervened. Detroit was surrendered to the English; Father Richard, though a non-combatant, had left no doubt that his sympathies were with the country of his adoption, and he was consequently arrested at the order of General Brock (who used his prisoner's press to make public his "proclamation") and sent to the island of Sandwich for the duration of hostilities.

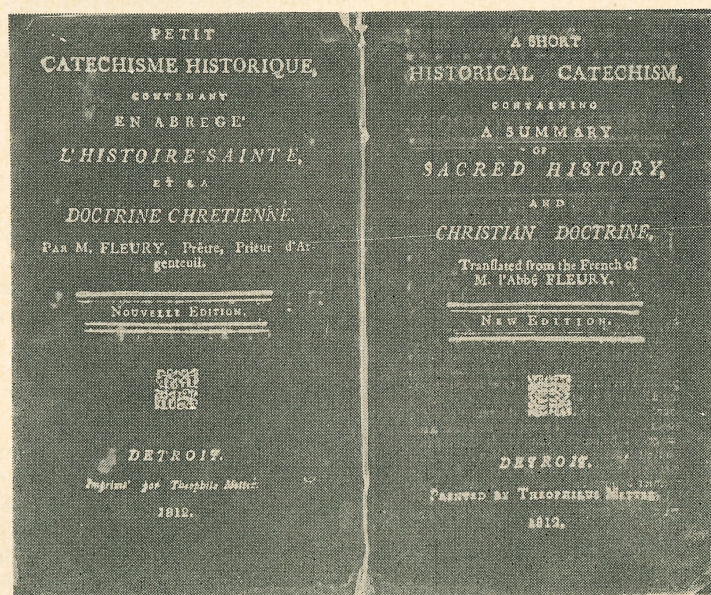
When peace was restored, the priest returned to Detroit, but little more is heard of the press. Possibly this was due to his preoccupation with other matters. In August, 1817, the legislature of the Territory of Michigan passed an act to "establish the Catholepistemia or University of Michi-

gania." The former name, incidentally, was chosen by Judge Woodward, who is said to have coined more words than any other American of his time; it is a variation of "Catholepistemia," or "universal science," which was to be taught by the president of the college.

The Rev. John Monteith, pastor of the Protestant church, was appointed president (and became, ipso facto, responsible for the "catholepistemia," and six other professorships—or "didaxiims," as the resourceful Judge christened them); Father Richard was selected as vice president, with responsibility for the remaining six "didaxiims," and a salary of \$18.50 a year (the president's salary was \$25 a year!). In 1821, when a new corporation was created with the title of "University of Michigan," Father Richard was named as a trustee.

In December, 1823, this intrepid priest took his seat in the House of Representatives as the delegate from Michigan Territory! The election and "circumstances of departure" would make a story in themselves. The indomitable little French pastor was literally bailed out of jail so that he might take

(Continued on Page 29)



Books printed on Father Richard's Press

“ - - - Nor Reading, Nor Writing, Nor 'Rithmetic - - - ”

*The problems—and manner of meeting them—that arise when
education is open only to a few!*

Dear Mary:

Aunt Regina mentioned in her last letter that you had finished the eighth grade in June. Dear me, how the time has flown! I didn't realize you were so grown up! Judging from Indian standards, you are now a well-educated woman: You not only can read and write, but you know something about history, geography, religion and other subjects. If you were an Indian girl, your parents would now be saying: "It's time we get her married before she gets too old!" And your chance of a good match would be increased because you had gone to school.

But being an American girl, you will be studying lessons for many more years yet, and you won't have to think of marriage for a long time to come. To be more accurate, you won't have to marry at all if you don't want to: You can have a career, or be a nun, or just be an "old maid" if you wish—a thing impossible in India!

"Can you imagine a country where most of the women cannot even read or write? Girls in the city are beginning to get an education—about thirteen percent of the girls in Rawalpindi are going to school, which is a very good record for India! But in all the villages I have visited between here and the frontier, I have rarely met a girl or woman who could read or write. The men and boys are less likely to be illiterate—education for them means getting a better position—getting on in the world (or in the army). But education is not free. So why should it be wasted on women, who will never use it to earn a living?

What does a woman do if she needs something written or read? I'll tell you what happens.

Rani lives in the village, but her husband is a cook in a hotel in Rawalpindi. The cow or the buffalo dies, or the five-year-old son gets smallpox. She wants to let her husband know about it. So Rani goes to the market-place where she will find a public scribe sitting cross-legged in front of his shop.

"What will you charge to write a letter for me to my husband in Rawalpindi?"

"One penny for the sheet of paper, one penny for writing the letter. A half-penny for the envelope."

"That's too much. I'll pay you two pennies for all."

The conversation and the bargaining may be much longer. But once the financial arrangements

have been settled, Rani dictates the letter and the scribe writes it in Hindustani or Punjabi or Hindi—depending upon what her husband reads or what the scribe can write! Then she goes to the post-office and sticks a one-and-a-fourth penny stamp on the envelopes and off the letter goes.

But it may happen that she or her husband must write a letter in English—a letter to the European official for whom her husband works, saying he can't be back by Saturday, after all, as his son died, etc. Then she goes to the scribe who can write English.

The English-writing scribes—at least some of those whom I've seen—use typewriters. Rani will dictate the letter in Urdu or Punjabi or Hindi, and he translates into English "as she is spoken" with the result that the letter sounds rather funny and the words are probably misspelled, but on the whole the sender's meaning can be gathered.

"Your Honor" (Sister Leonie got one addressing her as "Your Holiness"):

"On arriving at my village my heart sat down. To me great sorrow came, as my spouse informed me that my first son had already drawn last breath from fever." And more in that strain.

An English-writing scribe is not likely to be found in the village, so most probably a trip to the nearest town must be taken to get the letter written. Sometimes the headman of the village is so well educated that he can write English as well as his own language, and he often helps his people in such matters.

The average Catholic is committed to the heresy that his religion is something intended entirely for private practice and that the obligation to defend it, or fight for it, or to spread it among others rests solely with the clergy . . .

It is the supplementary papers, expositors and defenders of the faith, which are instructing and stimulating zeal and promoting spiritual activity. The mission of the popular press . . . is to instruct and arouse people to spiritual action as well as to acquaint them with world news of a spiritual character.—Bishop Noll in the Far East.

One day recently a woman in a nearby village received a letter in the mail. That was very exciting. Her husband was a soldier and had gone to war—a commonplace matter enough—so she probably guessed that it concerned him. She carried the letter to the headman, or to the public scribe, or to someone who could read—perhaps she even bargained with the scribe as to whether she would pay a penny or half-penny to have her letter read.

The outside of the envelope was simple enough: just her name and village, written in English. In the corner of the envelope was stamped, "On His Majesty's Service," which meant that it was official mail. Probably as soon as he saw the envelope, the village scribe told her it was in English—not in any Indian language—so she would have to carry it to the nearest town or postoffice to get it translated.

She brought the letter to the English-reading scribe at the post-office. He took out the letter and looked at it, then shook his head: The letters were the English alphabet, all right, but they didn't make sense. You see, the kind of Hindustani we use here is from the Persian alphabet, and Punjabi dialect and Sikh language use the Sanskrit alphabet; and there are at least a half-dozen different scripts among the hundreds of different dialects used in India. So the man told the village woman that this did not seem to be English although it was the English alphabet: Perhaps it was some other European language—or maybe American. He had heard American was something like English.

That may be the reason why she took the trip to Rawalpindi with some other women "going to town," and brought the letter to our Dispensary. I was busy filling some prescriptions when the native nurse brought me the message.

"This lady is from the village. She wants to know if someone can read a letter for her."

I opened the letter and read. It was an official letter from the International Red Cross in Switzerland informing So-and-So that her

husband, So-and-So, was a prisoner "somewhere in Germany," and that she could communicate with him by way of the International Red Cross. Giving her the envelope, I had the nurse explain to her that all she had to do was enclose a letter in the envelope and mail it, and she



A girl-bride of India! She is a Christian, hence she does not keep her face covered with her sari.

national Red Cross, giving name, street address, etc., of the Red Cross headquarters in Switzerland. she was so grateful.

And the whole thing was in French! Fortunately I remembered that much French. So I explained it all to the nurse in Urdu and English and she explained it to the lady in Punjabi. And as I did not expect her to be able to pick out the name and address correctly from the French of the letter, I took an envelope and typed the husband's name, regiment number, etc., in care of the Red Cross address as given in the letter. Then,

"She wants to know what your charges are," said the nurse.

"Oh," said I, "That's my good Scout deed for the day." The nurse looked a little puzzled. "I mean, tell her there are no charges. The pleasure is mine."

So, you see, education is a useful thing. Get all you can of it—the right kind, of course, and useful things. Now I must close.

Love to all, in J.M.J.,

Sister Alma Julia

February Mission Intention

For a Native Clergy among the Negroes of Africa and America

The idea of a native clergy is as old as the Apostolic Church. It has ever been the aim of the truly great Missionaries, a striking example being St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland. The principle has never been questioned — only the expediency or practicability of it among so-called inferior races. Human prudence questions, hesitates; and human history sees war intervene to cut off the Missionary, leaving the precious Seed to wither where no native hand has been trained to harvest it.

It is to the strong faith and vision of the great Popes of recent times that we owe the present encouraging status and trend of native vocations. Pope Leo XIII founded a Seminary for all India in the Island of Ceylon in 1893. Pope Benedict XV made it "the main care of those who rule the Missions . . . to raise and train a clergy from the nations among which they dwell, for on this are founded the best hopes for the Church of the future." Under the late beloved Pope of the Missions, the movement attained a success which, especially in Africa, may well be called phenomenal. His words anent the establishment of a native seminary in Africa are characteristically clear and compelling:

"If we wish to accomplish some solid and useful work in this field (of the Negro Apostolate), it is indispensable that priests of the same race shall make it their task to lead these people to the Christian Faith and to a higher cultural level . . . For does it not follow, as our Predecessor pointed out, from the

very nature of the Church as a Divine Institution, that every tribe or people should have priests who are one with it in race and character, in habit of thought and temperament?"

The present Holy Father has shown his intense interest and zeal for the cause by his glorious example in consecrating personally twelve Bishops for all parts of the mission world, most of whom are natives of their respective territories, and two of whom are native Africans. A third son has been appointed Prefect Apostolic in West Africa.

According to the latest statistics to hand there are today 450 native priests and 4,200 native Seminarians. These results are due, under the Divinely inspired guidance of Christ's Vicars, to the zealous perseverance of the missionaries in the face of unending trials and disappointments, to the generous cooperation of mission-minded groups and individuals, and particularly to the Pontifical Society for Native Clergy.

But the day of maturity for the African Church is still far ahead. A wonderful beginning has been made. Perhaps the day is not far

distant when native missionaries, from, e.g., Uganda, will complete the work. Meantime, more and more foreign missionaries are needed in Africa to stem the tides of Mohammedanism and Materialism that threaten her today; more and more fervent prayers for the gallant laborers and their converts in the hard days ahead, and for the great Church-building work of a native clergy and native Religious.

In "Negro America"

The situation in the United States may seem disappointing by contrast. But a closer examination will reveal progress—notable progress, in view of the "caste system" that prevails. The white Catholic is becoming increasingly more aware of his obligations to his colored brother. For those who believe in the Mystical Body of Christ in which colored and white equally share (as Father Gillard points out), there is simply no room for racial prejudice. Meanwhile, in their struggle upwards, the colored—even the more enlightened among them—fall easy prey to Communism. The obvious need for the colored masses is leadership, Catholic leadership; and the best kind of leadership is that provided by intelligent, well trained, zealous priests of their own race.

With the misfortunes that have befallen the peoples of the world during and since the war, the mission of the apostolate of the press has become a higher one than ever before. Keep it high . . . such a work of education defends the nation, the Faith, and the family —Pope Pius XI.

The most outstanding work in recent times in this connection is being done by the S.V.D. Fathers. In their Seminary at Bay St. Louis, seventeen young Negro priests already have been ordained. Incidentally, three of these priests have taken up missionary work in West Africa, on that very coast

whence their ancestors were inhumanly dragged to the slave ships a couple of hundred years ago!

One last thought. Some time ago, a white Catholic lady showed me a letter written to her two sons by one of the above-mentioned priests on the Gold Coast. That much-prized letter, with its

friendly banter and wholesome lack of self-consciousness or inferiority, coupled with the attitude of the mother, brought me the consoling proof—if proof be needed—that the truly Catholic heart will ever reverence the sublime dignity of the Catholic Priest, irrespective of such trivialities as race or color.

—John P. Sweeney, S.M.A.



Mrs. Caroline Wade, with three of her children, Sister M. Pius, O.S.P., (left) the Rev. Francis G. Wade, S.V.D., and Mother M. Angela, O.S.P.

Father Sweeney pays tribute in his article above to the work of the S.V.D. Fathers in their effort to provide a Negro clergy. An even greater tribute might be paid to Negro Motherhood, a splendid example of which is given in the picture above.

Mrs. Caroline Wade of St. Augustine's parish, Washington, D.C., who died just one year ago this month, was the mother of fourteen children. Two of her daughters, Sister M. Pius, who teaches in Charleston, S.C., and Mother Mary Angela, Superior of Cyprian's school in Washington, D.C., are members of the Oblate Sisters of Providence; her son, Father Francis G. Wade, S.V.D., was one of the first four Negro priests to be ordained as members of the Society of the Divine Word at Bay Saint Louis, Miss., in 1934.

Mrs. Wade was 81 years old when she died. The rearing of a large family had meant for her a busy life, a full life, a life in which she could not always do all the things she wished to do. Yet once her children had grown, she turned to those things she loved: Daily Mass, daily Communion. She had been a faithful member of the Blessed Virgin Sodality; she had had a deep devotion to Our Lady.

Let us not forget the faithful Catholic mothers when we pray this month for a "Negro clergy."

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his place among the law-makers of the nation! A disgruntled parishioner whom he had declared excommunicated for obtaining a divorce and re-marrying, sued him for libel and won his case. The priest refused to pay the \$1,116 awarded as damages, and so was imprisoned until three of his congregation became his sureties. The court decision was later reversed.

Father Richard's action in running for public office gave rise to criticism, pro and con. That his motives were sincere, no one doubted; that the step was wise, some questioned. One inducement was the salary that was assured; there was a large debt on his church, and Father Richard saw in this income a substantial means of aiding St. Anne's. Father Galitzin, his confrere, wrote a brusque comment: "When I heard of your election to Congress I disapproved of it at once; but I have the honor to inform you that if you can manage to have a seat in Congress all your life, you will do more good for religion with your salary than many other missionaries with all their zeal and preaching."*

Father Richard's career as statesman was uneventful. He made one speech of note, pleading for the passage of a bill which would open a road from Chicago to Detroit; the bill became a law on the day his term expired.

In 1805, when fire had wiped out the village, the pastor of St. Anne's had secured tents and food from the military authorities, and had labored tirelessly to distribute these goods to the homeless and hungry, without regard to creed or race. In 1832, cholera struck the town, and once more Father Richard was working ceaselessly for anyone—for everyone!—who needed help. He paid the price. On September 13 he died of the disease.

It was a swift end to a life that had never known a lagging tempo. The twenty-five-year-old French Sulpician, accustomed to the conveniences which the civilization of his day and his land had to offer, coming to America, not as a trail-

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In Our Library

THE HISTORY OF NURSING, by James J. Walsh, M.D. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. 1929. 309 pp. Clothbound. \$2.50.

Historians have a way of writing the sequence of past events in a special field as seen from a chosen point of view. Doctor Walsh, too, has his viewpoint, and that viewpoint is distinctly Catholic. From the first page to the last, his book is colored by the ideals which dominated nursing throughout the Christian era. He has painstakingly pointed out the fact that in every age nursing has been promoted chiefly by religious, and the status of nursing in any generation seems to have depended upon the influence they were allowed to exert in that work of charity. He has not hesitated to correct the wrong statements of others who have written nursing histories when those statements have given a wrong impression or incorrect information concerning the important place religious held in this field of caring for the sick at every century since the birth of Christ. Doctor Walsh, too has provided us with references to the sources of his information.

In every century Catholic Sisters have come to the fore when a new need arose for nursing care and have filled that need. Innumerable instances of this are pointed out in the book. In many cases new communities were organized to fill a specific need: Mother Aikenhead and her Irish Sisters of Charity; Mother McCauley and her Irish Sisters of Mercy; Mother Seton and her Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul—all preceded Florence Nightingale and had very well planned hospitals with tender, devoted, and skilled nursing care. Florence Nightingale recognized and expressed her admiration for the training which the sisters received and the unselfishness with which they administered to the needs of their patients. More recently have sprung up the Visiting Sisters of the Sick Poor, the Sisters of Notre Dame de Bon

Secours, the Sister Servants of Relief for the care of the cancer poor, the Little Sisters of the Poor who take care of the aged; the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart. "... The place of such religious orders has often been misunderstood by those who were not familiar with what they could perform of social service and of real charity. It requires personal experience with their activities to recognize how much they are accomplishing."

While dwelling particularly upon the work accomplished by the Catholic women in the field of nursing, Doctor Walsh does not underestimate the importance of the step forward which Florence Nightingale took when she insisted on a special course of training for the nurse, and wrote her famous pledge which ought to be the ideal of every member of her profession.

Every Catholic School of Nursing should have Doctor Walsh's History of Nursing among its books. It is complete, well written, scientific, and—what sets it apart from others—Catholic.

There is one suggestion we might make to Doctor Walsh: That he publish a new edition in which he bring his book up to date. Much has happened in the field of nursing since 1929 that is too important to be omitted from this work.

* * *

THE SCHOOL OF LOVE, by Reverend John A. Kane. St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N.J. 171 pp. \$1.50. 1941.

Lay persons and religious will be grateful to Father Kane for this book of meditations on the Holy Eucharist. The style is simple throughout, with a rich and full doctrinal content. Of this book the Rev. James M. Gillis, C.S.P., says: "Father Kane has obviously read widely, absorbing . . . the best thought of the masters of the spiritual life, and it is evident that he has returned by predilection to the greatest source of all, the

Sacred Scriptures, for doctrine and inspiration. The reader will notice that the Old and New Testaments are the warp and woof . . . body and soul of the present volume."

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blazer, but as the educator that his order had trained him to be, is a figure that commands admiration. Thrust into an environment and among a people that were as foreign to him as Alaska and the Eskimos would be to any one of us, he had not merely achieved accommodation; he had won leadership!

Citizen? His is one of the four statues on the massive facade of the Detroit City Hall today. Educator? His place in the foundation of the University of Michigan is undisputed. Publisher? The lever of his printing press was presented in 1857 to the Michigan State Historical Society as a precious relic. Statesman? A magnificent statue of him stands at the entrance to the Belle Isle Bridge, Detroit. Yet above each of these, and over all of them together, towers the priest.

Not long after he had assumed the "pastorate" of St. Anne's, he had rounded up his flock for Confirmation. In 1801, Bishop Denaut of Quebec, at the invitation of Bishop Carroll, administered the Sacrament to 521 persons, ranging in age from thirteen to eighty years. There is reason to believe that Confirmation had not been administered at the outpost since 1755—a lapse of forty-six years!

His "parish" included all of what is now the State of Michigan, a large part of Wisconsin, and the island of Lakes Huron and Michigan! When Father Fenwick was consecrated Bishop of Cincinnati, and Detroit passed under his jurisdiction, Father Richard, from data collected while making, personally, the rounds of his missions, gave him his report: In his "parish" there were about six thousand Catholics, five churches—and two priests, himself and his assistant!

It was the priest who had earned that degree *par excellence* from his Bishop (Bishop Fenwick): The Most Meritorious Missioner in Michigan!

News from Home and Abroad

Note from Dacca!

Speaking of impressions when one arrives in India—I remember that when I first came, I was really surprised to find that we were not going to live in mud huts and partake of rice and fish curry only! Which reminds me of a funny little fish story:

One of our sisters wished the cook to bring home a certain kind of fish and a nice large one. Said cook did not seem to quite understand, so, with a flash of inspiration, sister proceeded to draw it on a piece of paper. The man was all smiles, as he assured Sister that he now knew what she meant, and he went off in great spirits to the bazaar with the paper in his hand. Some time later he reappeared and produced fishes—dozens of them—little wriggling things. Sister looked in her dismay, but the cook was not daunted. With a flourish he produced

the somewhat grimy drawing and proved his point: The fish were exactly the size of the picture on the paper!

The sleep of the just?

In Dacca we are employed in a considerably large Government hospital. There is a great variety of diseases and some of the cases, from the medical standpoint at least, are unusually interesting. I am, as you perhaps know, on night duty, and I like it very much. What amuses me most is the queer expressions used by some of our nurses who have some knowledge of English. I asked one of them the other night if "No. 28 had been sleeping?"

"Yes, Sister," came the reply, "I peeped in, and he was sleeping unconsciously!"

—Sister M. Thomas, R.N.

* * *

Pindi Dispensary

Life is busy here, but nice. We

have our new afternoon clinic twice a week now, and it is wonderful. You should see the lovely mothers coming back to us with their babies! And there is so much to be done! The people are very grateful for every little thing you do for them.

We have a small window in the dispensary where we hand out tickets to those who are to see the doctor. Lately the women have been handing their babies to me through the window—yesterday a little fellow that weighed 12 lb. 10 oz. was squeezed through! I enjoy it very much.

All in the preposition . . .

The sisters are teasing me now over something that happened a few days ago. One of the dispensary patients was to get some pills, so I gave them to her and told her—in my very best Urdu!—to take them "three times a day in water."

The next day my patient was back, looking most unhappy.

"What is the matter, Bibi?" I asked her.

"Sister-ji," was the reply, "I cannot eat the pills. You said to take them in water, so I sat in my bath, but they were still very, very bitter!"

—Sister M. Bernadette



R. I. P.

Please pray for the repose of the souls of:

His Excellency, Most Reverend Sigismund Waitz, Salzburg, Austria.

Rev. John T. Gillard, S.S.J., Baltimore, Md.

Sister Mary Lucina Loughery, Hartford, Conn.

Sister M. Emerita, Holy Cross, Ind.

Sister Mary Edward Flynn, Hartford, Conn.

Sister Mary Bonaventure Sullivan, Hartford, Conn.

Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord: And let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace. Amen.

"All Clear!" Sister M. Veronica in the role of "pathmaker" at the Motherhouse.



The young lady above is a wife of some two years, if you please! She was suffering from a tuberculous arm whose numerous sinuses had been invaded by maggots. There was nothing to do but amputate. The doctor who attended the case (it happened at Rawalpindi) wrote about it as follows:

"The patient walked into the operating room rather fearfully and climbed upon the table. She was the size of a small 8 year old, but we put down her age at 10 or 11. For a moment she looked around in distress; then she said to the Indian nurse: "Let my mother-in-law come in." We looked at her in surprise.

"How long have you been married?" we asked.

"About two years," was the reply."

Share in this apostolate: Help us to build a 100 bed hospital for Pindi.

HELP THE SICK — BUY A BRICK!

If February's **PRESS MONTH**
(And they say it is, indeed),

I prithee, is't not proper
To present a **PRESSING** need?

Nay, 'tis not a crease for trousers
That we're advocating here,

Nor equipment for our Print Shop—
Some new-fangled sort of gear;

The motion that's before "the House":
"Resolved: To help the sick!"

The "House" is **YOU!** The "Bill"—is ours!
Please help—and **BLACK A BRICK!**



Send your "brick-blackening" donation to:
MOTHER ANNA DENGEL
8400 Pine Road
Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Mother Dengel:

I am delighted to join in your "black-in bricks" campaign. Enclosed please find
\$..... to cover bricks.

Very sincerely,

